

Judy Kerr's Story

My brother, Robert James Kerr, was found lifeless, shirtless, barefoot and without identification on July 12, 2003 in Everett, Washington. He had been brutally beaten and strangled. It took weeks for investigators to identify him. I spent that time becoming increasingly worried and finally alarmed when he did not arrive for a scheduled visit and when my calls to his cell phone were answered by a stranger. I am still waiting for a suspect in my brother's death to be named and for justice to take its course. My grief is raw and unremitting. But I am absolute in my conviction that another death will not serve me. Justice through execution is not the justice I need and it is not the justice I want in my country or my world. I have never and will never support the death penalty. I know now, more than ever, that killing is wrong. Revenge will not bring my brother back and it will not bring me peace. I honor my brother's life and my memory of him by standing against the death penalty and working as the new Victim Outreach Coordinator for CCV. The scars of his murder will never be gone but healing comes in many forms. My story is offered here in the hope that my words will bring others to the realization that another death will not solve anything and that our voices as victims who oppose more violence must be heard.



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